Numb. 80.

Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tuesday, August 8. 1682.

Jeſt. 'TIS fine weather, Brother, prethee let's go a Birds-neſting.

Earn. This is a fitter ſeaſon for Nutting, I ſhould think.

Jeſt. But I would fain get a Birds-Neſt with young ones, to make a Preſent of to *Harry Care*, that he may ſee how carefully the little things lift up their Tails to the Edge of the Neſt, when they have occaſion to eaſe themſelves.

Earn. I warrant, you'd have him make out that they do it with deliberation, and out of reſpect to cleanlineſs, againſt the New Philoſophers, who aſſert the want of ſenſe and knowledge in Brutes. Truly it might be an uſeful Diſquiſition and apretty employ for him, now the Mayoreſs of *Goatham* won't let him protract his nauſeous Hiſtory of Popery.

Jeſt. No, no, that's not my Deſign. I would only wiſh him to take Example by thoſe little Animals, not to bewray his own Neſt, as he has done of late; but when he has occaſion next to ſquirt his Wit abroad, I'd have him take care to keep clear of his own Faction, and not bedung the Cauſe too.

Earn. Your Allegory, Brother, is none of the cleanlieſt. But what has *Henry* done of late to incur this blame?

Jeſt. Why, you know, 'tis not long ſince his Courant repreſented the Cauſe to be wretchedly poor, and then by ſetting before his Readers the Conſtantinopolitan Miſeries, he begg'd heartily, and as hard as, before the Plot, he would have done for a bit of Carrot. After a week or two, the Perſuaſives were found to have been to no purpoſe and the pence came not in. Then if fair means would not do, foul muſt, and *Hal* threatens to leave off Pacquetting.

Earn. He had *John Calvin* for a Pattern, who left the *Genevians*, upon ſuch a buſineſs.

Jeſt. But *Calvin* had better ſucceſs: For I obſerv'd the Factious themſelves were not concern'd at the matter, and paſt it by (Onions not being at hand to rub their Eyes withal) without one tear, I proteſt.

Earn. Perhaps he finding the Cauſe no longer tenable, is willing to leave it, as Rats do a rotten Ship. 'Twas not for nothing that Nature ſhap'd him ſo like that Vermin.

Jeſt. Whatever be the reaſon, he's very angry, and in his laſt all comes out, and he inveighs bitterly againſt the *Diſcipline of the Tap.*

Earn. What Diſcipline is that? I have heard of *Calvin*'s Diſcipline, and the Diſciplines of ſeveral Orders of Monks, which enjoyn conſtant Prayer, Abſtinence, Obedience to Superiors, and the like; but theſe are Popery, and practiſed perhaps in order to By-ends.

Jeſt. That I ſpeak of is true *Proteſtant* Diſcipline (as that Appellation is now abuſed) and flatly contrary to thoſe you mention; this enjoins Swearing and Forſwearing, Lying and Slandering, Sedition and Rebellion: and this is the *Diſcipline of the Tap.*

Earn. I ſee nothing in't; but what's agreeable enough to his humour. He comes now to ſpeak meanly of it? Beſide the Tap they at preſent adore, old *Oliver* that Arch-Rebel was a Brewer, you know, and for his ſake ſome reſpect ſhould have been ſhew'd to the *Tap.*

Jeſt. 'Tis high time they were all weary of that *Diſcipline*, where the Leaders make uſe of ſuch deſtructive Tacticks, as to detach now Nineteen and then a whole Doſen of their party for forlorns to Old Nick.

Earn. I think ſo too, for its obſervable, that the Methods thay made uſe of to keep up the Ferment in the Nation are now grown uſeleſs, if not hurtful, to their Deſigns. For inſtance, there was the *Liberty of the Preſs*, how earneſtly was it contended for, the denial of it ſaid to be Relique of Popery, old *Milton*'s Arguments and Word were dreſt up into an Addreſs to the Parliament for it, and when they had it, how did they ply the World with *Domeſticks*, *Vox*'s *Appeals*, &c. Till at laſt their own Artillery being turn'd upon 'em, Reaſon only being Subſtituted in the room of Popular Fallacy, they grew weary of the ſport, and none now more

more apt than themſelves to complain of the Licentiouſneſs, of the Preſs.

Jeſt. This, I think we hinted at heretofore. But another trick they had with which a great deal of noiſe was made, and that was *Petitioning*; now all the Arguments they could bring for the Right of Petitioning, being of as good force for Addreſſing, here they were out-done too and beaten out of the Field.

Earn. But their dead-doing Chain Shot were their *Evidencers*, and of theſe the *Iriſh* ones had like to have burnt ſome of their Fingers, as wanting the gift of Taciturnity; ſo that after they had been entertain'd with the higheſt commendations and careſſes, and ſome ſlight buſineſs done for the true Proteſtant Intereſt they were ſhamefully diſcarded.

Jeſt. And as faſt as they came over into their own Countrey, they hang'd 'em up, as I remember; ſo that thoſe few of the ſort that we have left are afraid to go home.

Earn. And for the *Engliſh* ones, I have heard ſome wiſe men queſtion, whether they are not a great burthen to the Cauſe, and many are apt to think that they would gladly be rid of 'em, if it could be done ſafely.

Jeſt. Enough of *Harry Care* and the Circumſtances of the Cauſe: What News in Town?

Earn. 'Tis ſcarce this Vacation-time. We ſhall hear ſome perhaps at the Feaſt of the *Loyal Young Men* to morrow.

Jeſt. Ay, that Feaſt, I aſſure you, is ſaid by the Sober Party to be a very bad buſineſs. Why ſhould Apprentices, ſay they, be encouraged to meddle with things above their underſtanding? and to play the man before their times?

Earn. From the beginnig it was not ſo. Time was when Prentices were Encourag'd to be as forward Reformers as the beſt, when Sir *Satan-Fire-and-Brimſtone* led up a Party of 'em to *White-Hall* to clamour for Juſtice; which was never denied 'em. And can any honeſt man blame theſe Loyal Youths, if they ſhew a generous Unanimity in their Love and Obedience to their Prince?

Jeſt. Right, he that ſows well may reaſonably expect to reap well: The Sedition-Seed that was ſowed ſo long ago, which we thought had been all dead in the ground, or weeded out, has been in our time even ripe for Rebellion, and I dare mortgage my Cap on it ſtill, that if the weeding work been't well followed ſome of it may come to perfection yet, they have taken a great deal of care of late in the manuring, only the weather has prov'd a little unſeaſonable for them.

Earn. So may it always prove, and then we expect fair weather in *England* again. And I am of opinion that they are inclin'd to believe that it is like to be ſo with the Loyaliſts, and then their houſe totters, for the Rats are leaving the rotten Cauſe, the Headſ-man of *Warſaw* is trucking Sedition for *Northern* Ale.

Jeſt. He has an excellent Opportunity for Tranſportation, there at a minutes warning to his Old Apartment.

Earn. And the Mayor of *Goatham* has purchaſed a Royalty in the County of *Bo-peep-Land*, which he view'd for that intent ſome Months ago, and won't now quit it in haſt. And my Friend *Aaron* is gone a hunting for Juſtice in Forein Parts, not but that he might have had it here, if he would have ſtay'd. And then there's honeſt *Jack Thumb* is practiſing to Act the Inviſible Dog in the Country, in order to get a penny at *Bartholomew*.

Jeſt. Prethee leave him ſo, till he throws off his Mask.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHereas it appears by their late fooliſh managements at Guild-Hall, *that the Whigs have loſt their Wits. If any one can find 'em and bring 'em to the Whigs-Head-Club in* Cheapſide, *care will be taken by a Committe there, that their two Spokeſmen to their Petition be competently furniſh'd out of what ſhall be brought in. Great care is deſired in the matter, becauſe the Squirelings need the Commodity extreamly.*

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